

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published weekly by D. D. Fish—A. Fowler and H. Currier, Editors.

Vol. 1.

Concord, N. H. Friday, October 17, 1834.

No. 4.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Col. Isaac Hayne.

BY DR. RAMSAY.

As soon as the American army obtained re-possession of South Carolina, the inhabitants, returning to their former allegiance, resolutely put all to risk in support of independence. Though the British, in the career of their conquests, had inculcated the necessity and propriety of transferring allegiance from the vanquished to the victor, yet they treated with the utmost severity those unfortunate men, when in their power, who, having once accepted of British protection, acted on these very principles, in afterwards rejoining their victorious countrymen.

Among the sufferers on this score, the illustrious Col. Hayne stands conspicuous.—During the siege of Charleston that gentleman served his country in a corps of militia horse. After the capitulation, there being no American army in the state, and the prospect of one being both distant and uncertain, no other alternative was left but either to abandon his family and property, or surrender to his conquerors. This hard dilemma, together with well founded information, that others in similar circumstances had been patroled to their plantations, weighed with Col. Hayne, so far as to induce a conclusion that, instead of waiting to be captured, it would be both more safe and more honorable to come within the British lines, and surrender himself a voluntary prisoner.—Reports made of his superior abilities and influence, uniformly exerted in the American cause, operated with the conquerors to refuse him a parole, though they were in the habit of daily granting that indulgence to others of the inhabitants. To his great astonishment he was told, “that he must either become a British subject, or submit to close confinement.” To be arrested and detained in the capital, was to himself not an intolerable evil; but to abandon both his family to the small-pox, a disease then raging in the neighborhood, and which in a short time after proved mortal to his wife and two children, and to the insults and depredations of the royal army, was too much for a tender husband and a fond parent. To acknowledge himself the subject of a king whose government he had from principle renounced, was repugnant to his feelings; but without this, he was cut off from every prospect of a return to his family. In this embarrassing situation, he waited on the author with an explicit declaration to the following effect: “If the British would grant me the indulgence which we, in the day of our power, gave to their adherents, of removing my family and property, I would seek an asylum in the remotest corner of the United States rather than submit to their government; but as they allow no other alterna-

tive than submission or confinement in the capital, at a distance from my wife and family, at a time when they are in the most pressing need for my presence and support, I must for the present yield to the demands of the conquerors. I wish you to bear in mind that, previous to my taking this step, I declare, that it is contrary to my inclination, and forced on me by hard necessity. I never will bear arms against my country. My new masters can require no service of me but what is enjoined by the old militia law of the province which substitutes a fine in lieu of personal service. That I will pay as the price of my protection. If my conduct should be censured by my countrymen, I beg that you would remember this conversation, and bear witness for me, that I do not mean to desert the cause of America.”

In this state of distress Col. Hayne, subscribed to a declaration of allegiance to the King of Great-Britain, but not without expressly objecting to the clause which required him, “with arms to support the Royal Government.” The Commandant of the garrison, Brigadier General Patterson, and James Simpson, Esq. Intendant of the British Police, assured him, that this would never be required, and added further, “that when the regular forces could not defend the country without the aid of its inhabitants it would be high time for the Royal army to quit.”

Having submitted to their government, he readily obtained a permission to return to his family. In violation of the special condition under which he subscribed the declaration of his allegiance, he was repeatedly called on to take arms against his countrymen, and was finally threatened with close confinement in case of further refusal. This open breach of contract, together with the inability of the late conquerors to give him that protection which was as a compensation for his allegiance, the Americans having regained that part of the state in which he resided, induced him to consider himself released from all engagements to the British Commanders. The inhabitants of his neighborhood, who had also revolted, subscribed a petition to General Pickens, praying that Col. Hayne might be appointed to the command of the regiment. Having resumed his arms, and the tide of conquest being fairly turned in the short space of thirteen months after the surrender of Charleston, he was sent in the month of July, 1781, with a small party to reconnoitre. They penetrated within seven miles of the capital—took General Williamson prisoner, and retreated to head quarters of the regiment. This was the same Williamson, who, having been an active and useful officer in the militia of South Carolina, from the commencement of the war to the surrender of Charleston in May, 1780, became soon after that event, a British subject. Such was the anxiety of the

British commandant to rescue General Williamson, that he ordered his whole cavalry on this business. Col. Hayne unfortunately fell into their hands. Though he had conducted himself peaceably while under the British Government, and had injured no man, yet for having resumed his arms, after accepting British protection, he was brought to Charleston, and confined in a loathsome provost. At first he was promised a trial, and had council prepared to justify his conduct by the laws of the nations and the usages of war; but this was finally refused. Had he been considered as a British subject, he had an undoubted right to trial—if an American officer, to his parole; but in violation of every principle of the constitution, he was ordered for execution by the arbitrary mandate of Lord Rawdon and Lieutenant, Col. Balfour.

The Royal Lieutenant Governor Bull, and a great number of inhabitants, both Loyalists and Americans, interceded for his life. The ladies of Charleston generally signed a petition in his behalf, in which was introduced every delicate sentiment that was likely to operate on the gallantry of officers or the humanity of men. His children, accompanied by some near relations, were presented on their bended knees, as humble suitors for their father's life. Such powerful intercessions were made in his favour as touched many an unfeeling heart, and drew tears from many a hard eye; but Lord Rawdon and Lieutenant Col. Balfour remained inflexible.

After his fate was fixed, he was repeatedly visited by his friends, and conversed on various subjects with a fortitude of a man, a philosopher and a christian. He particularly lamented that, on principles of reciprocal retaliation, his execution would probably be an introduction to the shedding of so much innocent blood. His children who had lost their parent, were brought to him in the place of his confinement, and received from his lips the dying advice of an affectionate father. On the last evening of his life he told a friend, “that he was no more alarmed at the thoughts of death than any other occurrence that was necessary and unavoidable.” He requested those in whom the supreme power was vested, to accommodate the mode of his death to his feelings as an officer; but this was refused.

On the morning of the fatal day, on receiving his summons to proceed to the place of execution, he delivered some papers to his eldest son, a youth of about thirteen years of age. “Present,” said he, “these papers to Mrs. Edwards, with my request that she would forward them to her brother in Congress. You will next repair to the place of my execution—receive my body, and see it decently interred among my forefathers.” They took a final leave. The Colonel's arms were pinioned, and a guard placed

around his person. The procession began from the Exchange, in the forenoon of the fourth of August, 1781. The streets were crowded with thousands of anxious spectators. He walked to the place of execution with such decent firmness, composure and dignity, as to awaken the compassion of many, and to command respect from all.—There was a majesty in his suffering, which rendered him superior to the pangs of death. When the city barrier was passed, and the instrument of his catastrophe appeared full in view, a faithful friend by his side observed to him, "that he hoped he would exhibit an example of the manner in which an American could die!" He answered with the utmost tranquility, "I will endeavor to do so." He ascended the cart with a firm step and serene aspect. He enquired of the executioner, who was making an attempt to get up to pull the cap over his eyes, what he wanted? Upon being informed of his design, the Colonel replied "I will save you that trouble," and pulled it over himself.—He was afterwards asked whether he wished to say any thing, to which he answered, "I will only take leave of my friends, and then be ready." He then affectionately shook hands with three gentlemen—and recommended his children to their care—and gave the signal to the cart to move.

Thus fell, in the bloom of life, a brave officer, a worthy citizen, a just and upright man, furnishing an example of heroism in death that extorted a confession from his enemies, "that though he did not die in a good cause, he must at least have acted from a persuasion of its being so."

A History of the United States from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Boston, published by Charles Bowen. London, R. J. Kennett. pp. 508, 8vo.

Original.

CONCLUDED.

We shall now proceed to speak of the work of Mr. Bancroft more particularly.

The impression which was realized on first glancing over his volume was very pleasant; being heightened by the appearance of its typography, which is truly elegant. It will not suffer in comparison with any work which has issued from the American press; even the Columbiad not excepted, had the paper been as good.

We think there is a little impropriety in our author's title page; that is, (as we have said before, of another work,) there is an absurdity in writing a history of the United States, when, in point of fact, no union existed. Instead of saying, "A History of the United States from the Discovery of America to the restoration of the Stuarts," we would rather say, "A History of the country, since comprehending the United States," &c. This kind of error, will, however, be thought of small consequence, but it is well to guard against ambiguities, as well small as great.

The attentive and careful reader will always be delighted to see, in a historical

work, copious vouchers for the text in marginal references. In this particular our author will be found hardly surpassed; and, notwithstanding he has been so particular, as to tell us at every step from whence he draws his information, we cannot see that it has been done with the least show of ostentation. It is true he has taken the pains to write out the title of a book sometimes, when it may be thought entirely unnecessary; as, for example, enumerating three or four modern authors who have all copied one after the other, or one from the other.

The want of a good and standard history of the United States, every reading man must have long ago felt; but he will be much more sensible of the fact hereafter; having once obtained a knowledge of the work before us. For few realize the want of a thing so sensibly as when they are deprived of it. We had supposed that it would have been hardly possible for an author to have carried his researches, with success, into the rear of Dr. Holmes, and some others almost equally eminent and indefatigable in American history, but it is no disparagement to them to say that it is often done in the work before us.

As to Mr. Bancroft's style, although not entirely equal, it is excellent: polished and finished in all its parts. That it should vary occasionally, is not at all strange; for when we consider the numerous authors in various languages, to which he is constantly referring, and in which he must have spent the most of his time for no inconsiderable period, it must be matter of surprise that it should be so pure as we find it. A person accidentally taking up the volume, and reading without knowing its author, might easily imagine he was reading a passage in the *Decline and Fall*; and another, that he was actually perusing a passage in the philosophical works of Hume.

If we are not misinformed, it is but a short time since this work was begun, and we marvel that its author has been able to produce a work so thorough and original in the short compass of about a year. An extract follows from his preface, by which the reader may acquaint himself with his design, much better than by any thing we could offer.

"As the moment arrives for publishing a portion of the work, I am impressed more strongly than ever with a sense of the grandeur and vastness of the subject; and am ready to charge myself with presumption for venturing on so bold an enterprise. I can find for myself no excuse but in the sincerity with which I have sought to collect truth from trust-worthy documents and testimony. I have desired to give to the work the interest of authenticity. I have applied as I have proceeded, the principles of historical scepticism, and, not allowing myself to grow weary in comparing witnesses or consulting codes of laws, I have endeavored to impart originality to my narrative, by deriving it entirely from writings and sources, which were the contemporaries of the events that are described. Where different nations or different parties have been engaged in

the same scenes I have not failed to examine their respective reports. Such an investigation on any country would be laborious; I need not say how much the labor is increased by the extent of our republic, the differences in the origin and early government of its component parts, and the multiplicity of topics, which require to be discussed and arranged."

It is not to be expected that any thing of this kind can be perfect, and therefore, we are not surprised that some facts should be misstated, and some omitted, which are of importance. Thus, concerning the first landing of Englishmen in New-England, there is, it is believed, an error. And what New-Englander would not wish to be correctly informed in this matter? Oldmixon, it is believed, is the only writer of American history, who says, that, the first landing in New-England, was in 1586, at Cape Cod. Now as it is a truth that that author is often in error, Mr. Bancroft, it would seem, takes it for granted that he is almost always so. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that it does not rest on the authority of Mr. Oldmixon alone, whose words are, "The first man, who landed here of our nation, was Sir Francis Drake, returning from the West Indies, in the year 1586. He stayed two or three days on the coast, and traded with the people for what he wanted." *Hist. N. Eng. in Brit. Empire*, I. 25. It seems to have been concluded by our historian, because Drake had discovered and taken possession of the same country on the North West coast seven years before, that he could not have done the same thing on the eastern coast at this time. But we have the same fact more circumstantially told in Harding's *Naval Biography*, a work, by the way, of no inconsiderable merit. It is there mentioned that Capt. Gosnold landed at the same place, in 1603, that Drake had in 1586: very probably he was piloted by some one who had been there with the circumnavigator. And, as a farther testimony, it may be mentioned, that in some ancient work, the title of which we do not now remember, it is mentioned, that Gosnold, was led to make a direct course from Old to New-England, knowing that Drake had performed the same in the opposite direction. Besides, it is not probable, that in the best season of the year, Drake should have been forty days (the exact time) in making a passage from Virginia to Plymouth.

Some of our author's reflections discover a mind well framed to thinking, and would that his sentiments and views upon freedom of opinion may soon be exercised upon existing statutes by the legislators of his native state. "Nowhere" he observes, "in the United States is religious opinion now deemed a proper subject for penal enactments. The only fit punishment for error [of opinion] is refutation. God needs no avenger in man." page 276. It needs hardly be told, nowadays, that there was a time when it was extremely dangerous for one sect to combat another, even with the weapons of harmless argument, unless the aggressing sect were quite as strong as the

party assailed, physically speaking. Fortunately that day has passed, and yet much remains undone.

When our author comes to speak of Roger Williams and his times, he seems to rise with the importance of his subject, until we almost alike admire his ability and his object. That we may not be thought enthusiastic, take a few of his facts with their illustrations.

"In February of the first year [1631] of the colony, [of Massachusetts] but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New-England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, 'a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious' gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine, which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute book the crime of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle, the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation." But the first settlers of New-England could not give up the idea of forcing those who came among them to think as they did. And in effect, our author has well observed elsewhere, force in such cases may make hypocrites; but it cannot advance just principles. Nor, because our fathers did not undertake a pilgrimage for the opinions of others, but for their own, can we see any excuse for persecutions for conscience sake. Must it be said they came here to deal with those who might chance to think differently from themselves, as they had been dealt with in the place from whence they came? Had none of a different opinion ever come among

them, could they have expected but that other opinions would grow up? But they could not have reflected, or asked themselves, where is such a course to end? When a combatant of Williams asked, "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" he replied, "Yes, from them that hire him." He had before strongly contended that no one should be *obliged* to attend public worship. In the early days of which we here speak, all magistrates were selected from the members of the church. Williams said, that, with equal propriety a physician or a pilot might be selected with special reference to his knowledge of theology.

"The scholar, (says the author) who is accustomed to the pursuits of abstract philosophy, lives in a world of thought far different from that by which he is surrounded. The range of his understanding is remote from the paths of common minds, and he is often the victim of the contrast. It is not unusual for the world to reject the voice of truth, because its tones are strange; to declare doctrines unsound, only because they are new; and even to charge obliquity or derangement on the man, who brings forward principles which the many repudiate. Such has ever been the way of the world; and Socrates, and St. Paul, and Luther, and others of the most acute dialecticians, have been ridiculed as drivellers and madmen. The extraordinary developments of one faculty may sometimes injure the balance of the mind; just as the constant exercise of one member of the body injures the beauty of its proportions; or as the exclusive devotedness to one pursuit, politics for instance, or money, brushed away from conduct and character the agreeable varieties of light and shade."

Thus, we could with great satisfaction, to ourselves at least, extract page after page of the History of the United States, but our limits admonish forbearance.

We are told in the preface to the work under remark, that it may extend to four or five volumes. It is hoped the author will not abridge his documents too much. We already have short histories enough of the United States; and for ourselves we can say, that, we do not think the work so full and particular as the subject deserved. Ten volumes of the size and type of the present, would be insufficient to give a satisfactory history of our extended country. We have observed but very few typographical errors in the work, and hesitate not to recommend it to every American citizen.

He, who sacrifices ease and estate to erect a lasting monument to the memory of his country, at least deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by its sons, but we are far from believing that this work will lessen the fortune of its author, although others of great merit have done it in earlier times. Certainly if great talents employed in the greatest of undertakings, with complete success, be suffered to go unrecompensed by a community so eager after knowledge as the American, well may the future historian recoil from his labors, and exclaim, alas, the ingratitude of my native land! May our

author never experience regret at his embarking in so glorious an expedition, even should the cold hand of parsimony withhold from him his justly earned reward. All who feel the least interest in the welfare of our institutions, should without delay possess themselves of the labors of Mr Bancroft.

But a small edition is printed, we understand, and most assuredly, a much greater one ought to be required by every state in the Union. Can it be said, in truth, that the State of Massachusetts alone does not contain a thousand inhabitants who should read, yea, possess a good history of their country at large? It is true many have had works bearing the same title, urged on them by their neighbors of Connecticut, but such, when compared with this, have little or no value. This can be safely be said, we think, even allowing some of them considerable merit.

There is not only great learning displayed in all parts of Mr Bancroft's volume, but it possesses the double attraction of method and judgment, and as to our fears that its only fault may be in its too general character, we are aware, that, there may be few of our opinion; we are not unaware neither, that, in our almost boundless country, should the historian come down to details, a single degree below his great line of events, his task and volumes would be almost an infinite series, so that, on the whole, we view it with admiration, and it is in the greatest pleasure we express our approbation of the work.

The Female Heart.

There is nothing under heaven so delicious as the possession of a pure, fresh, immutable affection. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most extatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The springs of feeling, when in their youthful purity, are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness—the spell that once draws them forth is the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted as woman's love. It matters not whether it be for a husband or child, or sister or brother, it is the same pure, unquenchable flame, the constant and immaculate glow of feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love, one kind word, or one gentle look, even if it be among desolation and death—the feeling of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bonds or mercenary ties. More priceless than gems of Golconda is the female heart, and more devout than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love. There is no sordid view, or qualifying self interest in the feeling. It is a principal characteristic in her nature; a faculty and infatuation which absorbs and concentrates all the fervour of her soul, and all her bosom. I would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic female, than the sycophantic fawnings of millions.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

My First Jackknife.

I remember it well! Its horn handle, so smooth and semi-transparent, glowing with the unmeaning but magic word, 'Bunkum;' and the blade significantly inviting you to the test, by the two monosyllables 'try me.' I united the characteristic recommendation on the haft, and invitation on the blade, into a small couplet, which as near as I can recollect, ran thus—

'Bunkum on the handle,
'Try me on the blade.'

If by the word on the handle you were impelled to believe that the article abounded in bumps of self esteem, your ideas would at once be corrected by the blade, which, conscious of intrinsic merit, called upon you promptly to test its superiority; an union of modest assurance and assured modesty, which I humbly recommend to all who are their own trumpeters. I know not how it is, but I never could take half the comfort in any thing which I have since possessed, that I took in this said jackknife; I earned it myself, and there I had a feeling of independence; it was bought with my own money, not teased out of a kind uncle, or still kinder father—money that I had silently earned on the afternoons of those days set apart for boys from time immemorial, therein to amuse themselves and annoy their mothers.

Yes! with a spirit of persevering industry and self-denial at which I now wonder, but of a kind, the tendency of which I do not doubt has had its effect in the formation of many an exalted character (from such trivial causes so great effects arise,) I went every afternoon during 'berry time,' and picked the ripened fruit, with eagerness, for my heart was in my task.

I sold my berries, and carefully reserving the proceeds shortly accumulated enough to purchase the treasure for which I so eagerly longed. I went to one of the village stores, and requested the conscientious dealer in tape and molasses to show me his jackknives; but he—seeing I was only a boy, and thinking that, like many others who had bothered him before with the same requests, I merely meant to amuse myself in looking at the nicest, and wishing it was mine—told me not to plague him with any nonsense while 'he was mixing liquor for the gentlemen.'

I turned with indignation; but felt the inward comfort of a man who has confidence in his own resources, and knows he has the power in his hands. I quietly jingled the money in my pockets, and went to the opposite store, which I believe was a temperance establishment, for I saw no receptacles of poison marshalled before me cocked and primed for the business of destruction.

I asked for jackknives, and was shown a lot fresh from the city, which were temptingly laid down before me, and left for me to select from, while the trader went to another part of his store to please an older customer. I looked over them. I opened them, I breathed upon the blades, shut them again;

one was too hard to open, another had no spring; finally, however, after examining them with all the judgment which in my opinion the extent of the investment required, I selected one with a hole through its handle—and after a dissertation with the owner upon jackknives in general and this one in particular, upon hawk-bill and dagger blades, and handles, iron, bone, and buck-horn, I succeeded in closing a satisfactory negotiation for it.

And here let me refer once more to my conscientious dealer who could not leave his dram-drinking friends to serve me. He sold his poison to the two gentlemen, and charged it on account, as they with a commendable economy thought of interest and would not pay ready cash; but the profit upon all they consumed was less than half the sum he would have gained by the sale of the jackknife; so clearly do those who 'mix liquor for gentlemen' mistake their true interest.

I took the instrument I had purchased.—I felt a sudden expansion of my boyish frame! It was my world! I deposited it carefully in my pocket, among other valuables, twine, pipe-stems, slate pencils, &c. I went home, I showed it to my mother; I displayed it to my father; I told them how long I had toiled for it, and how eagerly I had spent time which others had allotted to play, to possess myself of my treasure.

My father gently chid me for not telling him of my wants; but boy as I was, I observed his glistening eye turn affectionately to my mother, and then to me, and I thought his manly form seemed to straighten up and he to look prouder—at any rate he came to me, and patting my curly head told me that there was no object in my life, which was reasonably to be desired, that honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry, and perseverance, would not place within my reach; and if through life I carried the spirit of independent exertion into practice, which I had displayed in the matter of the jackknife, I should be, that grand hobby-horse of little boys, a Great Man.

From that moment I was a new lad; I had discovered that I could rely upon myself; I took my jackknife, and many a time while cutting the walnut sapplings for my arrow, or carving my mimic ship, did I muse upon those words of my father, so deeply are the kind expressions of a judicious parent engraven on the heart and memory of boyhood.

My knife was my constant companion; it was my carpenter, my ship builder, my toy manufacturer, my factotum; it was out upon all occasions, never amiss, and always 'handy'; and as I valued it I never let it part from my neck, around which I slung it, attached by a cord braided for me by my sister. I own my selfishness; I would divide my apples among my playmates, my whole store of marbles was at their service, they might knock my bats, kick my football as they chose;—but I had no community of enjoyments in my jackknife. Its possession was connected in my mind with something so exclusive, that I could not permit another

to take it for a moment from me. I have never, but once, felt such a sensation since. That once, was when boyhood had given place to youthful manhood; and I had dared to pour forth the feelings of my heart, and open the fountains of my affection, to one who has since proved worthy of devotion. Oh! there is a wild and delicious luxury in one's boyish anticipations and youthful day-dreams.

If however the use of my jackknife afforded me pleasure, the abstract idea of its possession was no less a source of enjoyment. I was for the time being, a little prince among my fellows; a perfect monarch! Let no one exclaim against aristocracy; were we all pecuniarily equal to-day, there would be an aristocracy to-morrow; talent, judgment, skill, tact, industry, perseverance, will place some on the top, while the contrary attributes will place others at the bottom of Fortune's ever revolving, ever restless wheel!

The mechanic is an aristocrat if he excels in his vocation; the ploughman is an aristocrat if he turn a better and a straighter furrow than his neighbor; the poorest poet is an aristocrat if he writes more feelingly, in a purer language and with a more euphonic jingle than his contemporaries; the fisherman is an aristocrat if he wields his harpoon with more skill and hurls it with a deadlier energy than his messmates, or has even learned to fix his bait more alluringly on the barbed hook. And the pedagogue is the veriest aristocrat in creation; surrounded by his subjects, and dispensing his favors amid the multitude of barefooted urchins, he feels an inward satisfaction, which he will strive in vain to equal among a community of men.

All have, and have had their foibles; all have some possession, 'with secret pleasure held apart,' upon which they pride themselves; and I was proud of my jackknife! Spirit of Socrates, forgive me; was there no pride in dying like a philosopher? Spirit of Demosthenes, forgive me! was there no pride in your addresses to the boundless and roaring ocean? Spirit of David! was there no pride in the deadly hurling of the smooth pebble, which sank deep into the forehead of your enemy? And ye countless anchorites and devotees, who have prided yourselves on your humility and tortured your bodies before men, were your austere afflictions of self, and daily penances, tinctured with no earthly feeling? no pride of heart? no aristocracy?

But I must take up my jackknife, and cut short this digression. Let no man say, this or that occurrence 'will make no difference fifty years hence'—a common but dangerous phrase. I am now a man of threescore; I can point my finger here to my ships, there to my warehouses; my name is known in two hemispheres; I have drunk deeply of intellectual pleasures, have served my country in many important stations, have had my gains and made my losses; have seen many who started with fairer prospects, but with no compass or sheet anchor, wrecked before me; but I have been impelled in my opera-

tions, no matter how extensive, by the same spirit which conceived and executed the purchase of the Jacknife. And, reflecting reader, youthful or aged, I have found my account in it—and perhaps in after years there will live those who will say that the prediction of my father was fulfilled, and that from some small beginnings, by ‘honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry and perseverance,’ MARTIN THISTLE became truly a Great Man.

Entomology.

Original.

Perhaps there is no subject, in which the investigation of the philosopher has to encounter more popular prejudices and domestic antipathies, than in the science of Entomology, or a description of that class of beings known by the name of insects.—This subject is looked upon, by many at least, as beneath their attention and unworthy their notice. From a superficial examination, it appears to have no bearing upon the interests of man, or the economy of the universe. But, when we consider the countless number of species, which constitute this tribe, as well as their instructive and unparalleled operations, in a philosophical light, these prejudices and antipathies are at once done away.

This study, like all other parts of natural history, is calculated to exert a great moral influence, and to excite all those refined feelings which the true lover of science possesses. From the constant and untiring operations of the human mind, it is sometimes found preying upon itself for a want of foreign materials to act upon. “Now, if the entomologist can excite in the mind a spirit of reflection and enquiry—if he can make men attentive and observant—if he can make them note the construction and contrivances of insects, in which instinct seems sometimes to surpass intelligence in the skill and success of its operations—he will afford to them a never failing source of enjoyment, and secure to his favorite science the benefit of many useful facts and observations.”

It is only those animals whose labors and peculiarities are most obvious, that gain the attention and admiration of a majority of men; whilst those, whose characteristics are witnessed only occasionally, and perhaps then through a microscope, gain but a small portion of either, except from the unbiased and studious naturalist. Were we to tell a novice in the study of nature that insects had no bones, no brains, and no arteries or veins—that they breathed through the sides of their bodies, and not their mouths, we should certainly incur a sarcastic smile—but these facts, so far from disgusting a judicious enquirer into subjects of interest and attention, would serve only to increase the keenness of his appetite for a more definite knowledge of the subject.

And here it would be well to suggest, that such a knowledge is exceedingly important and interesting to every person of a free

community, especially to every son of New-England, where the climate is so favorable to this part of animated nature. For what unexperienced person would imagine that the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the fly were one and the same insect—that the butterfly, whose wings surpass all productions of the artist’s skill, both in delicacy of structure and nicety of coloring, furnished with a long delicate trunk for extracting the sweets of flowers, should have once been a huge, ugly caterpillar, provided with jaws for mastication and fourteen feet to walk upon—that this same animal, after its transformation, receives an addition of several thousand to its former stock of eyes.

It is worthy of observation that the senses of insects are of the most obtuse nature—and it is impossible, even for Shakspeare himself to make us of this enlightened age believe, that “the meanest insect, when trod under foot, feels as great a pang as when a giant dies;” when every observation proves the contrary.

Nor are the direct benefits of insects to the human race to be overlooked. Few men consider what a “perpetual cholera,” would come, upon all the tropical nations of the earth at least, were there no insects to destroy the superfluous, decomposing, animal matter, which so much abounds in those regions. The artist well knows what valuable materials both for ornament and use are obtained from the insect tribe. The physician finds use for them in “mitigating the pains to which flesh is heir;” and even one species, the silk worm, affords employment and clothing for thousands of the human family—so that, taken as a whole, they supply us with means of happiness—they cultivate and enliven our taste and talent for observation—and, instead of their being injurious, loathsome and offensive to man, they are among the greatest blessings, which his benevolent Creator has bestowed upon him. S.

The Seasons.

Original.

These, as they change Almighty Father! these Are but the varied God.—Thompson.

Every one, not entirely insensible to the beauties of nature, is lavish of commendation on that portion of the year, when the whole vegetable world glows under the influence of returning warmth. All seem to consider that season both grateful to the senses and productive of mental satisfaction and vigor. All appear to believe, that if the mild and genial temperature of spring should continue, their happiness would be unvaried and complete. But, whatever scenes of ideal bliss have been painted by poetic fancy, or eulogized in the dreams of melancholy philosophers; however often the delicious tale of fairy forms with steps as light as air, of perennial foliage, and the unceasing melody of feathered songsters, may have been repeated; still the conclusion is irresistible, that unless a radical change were effected in the disposition of mankind, the present

variety in the vicissitudes of the seasons is not only more profitable, but more delightful even, than the perpetual continuance of any one could be.

Man never rests contented with present attainments. The constant unalloyed enjoyment of any object, however desirable in prospect or gratifying at first, becomes tame and insipid by its uniformity. The very knowledge that the possession of any thing for which we wish is certain, and its loss impossible, has an obvious tendency to weaken our feelings of avidity, and relax our efforts for its acquisition. By the revolution of the seasons all these effects are avoided, and the consequent unpleasant emotions are prevented by the natural course of events.

The succession and contrast of the different seasons give expansion to that attention and foresight, that diligence and industry so important to the comfort of beings, whose happiness is very intimately connected with a due exercise of those faculties bestowed by nature. If some are less pleasant than others, they are so only that we may be better prepared to relish those which succeed. When the earth buds, the fruits ripen and the leaves fall, the senses are not alone impressed; almost imperceptibly, the mind is instructed and the heart touched.

If winter, with all the endearments comfortable firesides, well furnished dwellings and social entertainments can afford, appear less grateful than the lively beauties and pure gales of ensuing months, it is, that, by the recollection of past disquietudes, we may enjoy more highly those very delights. When autumn offers its purple stores and golden grain, we partake more of the general loveliness of nature, from the consciousness that soon the hills will no more resound with the bleatings of flocks, the song of birds be no longer heard from the forests, the gardens and fields become desolate, and the trees be stripped of their leafy honors.

In these varieties too, there is something to awaken a sense of mortal frailty, and a striking similitude of the instability of earthly greatness. From them, whoever attentively reflects, cannot but receive a salutary admonition to employ all time in useful labors or harmless pleasures, and to preserve order in all things. A year is a life in miniature, and, who will, may derive from it like advantages, as from the experience of the most protracted existence. He may learn not to permit the baleful influences of vicious propensities or passions to blast the first buddings of mental and moral improvement, or suffer indolence and inattention to destroy the promising blossoms of future usefulness. He may know, that, if youth is wasted in the common routine of ignorance and frivolity, the summer of life will be embellished with no intellectual or moral graces, its autumn will afford no harvest of wisdom and virtue, and the winter of age will be rendered cheerless by reflection on past errors and dismal forebodings of future calamity.

Man’s life is like a flourish of his pen,
It turns and twists and twists and turns again.

Phrenology. No. 2.

Original.

Phrenology is defined by Combe as a system of the philosophy of man, which treats of the innate powers of feeling and thinking conferred on him by nature, and on which education and external circumstances are destined to act. It displays the apparent connexion between the immaterial principle of mind and our organic constitution; shows our innate propensities to action and our inherent powers of thought; and enables us to determine how far the character of individuals and nations is to be attributed to circumstances over which they possess control, and how much is unalterably fixed by the will of Omnipotence. It points out the manner and extent in which individuals differ from each other in natural capacity; and explains the causes of the ever-varying phenomena exhibited in the manifestations of intellect, as the state of the body varies from infancy to old age and from health to disease. In short, it reduces the philosophy of man to a comprehensible science, by showing the number and scope of the human faculties, and their susceptibilities of modification.—Its tendency is to make us acquainted with ourselves and indulgent to our fellow creatures; for it teaches, that there is no standard of human excellence, that ourselves are equally fallible as others, and have no right to condemn them, untried, for erroneous sentiments. It is peculiarly fitted to throw light on the extensive subjects of education, genius, the philosophy of criticism, criminal legislation and insanity. If correct, it will enable the parent to mark, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, the capabilities and extent of his child's talent; at any rate, afford an important auxiliary in furthering the highest object of his desires—so to direct the conduct and form the habits of his offspring, as best to secure their present comfort and provide for their future and eternal happiness. If the phrenological system of Gall and Spurzheim be true, the uncertain and mysterious notions of modern metaphysicians prove the mere imaginings of misguided fancy and false zeal, and mental philosophy becomes, what it ought to be, a science interesting in its laws, open to investigation, and not so subtle and obscure as to elude the efforts of a great majority of our race for its attainment.

The preliminary proposition, on which the whole doctrine is based, and which few or no physiologists of the present day pretend to controvert, is, that the cerebral mass, contained within the cavity of the skull, constitutes the sole organ of the mind, and is absolutely essential to its manifestations. Innumerable physicians, distinguished for learning and experienced in surgical practice, might be mentioned, who coincide in representing the brain to be the material instrument of thought, and the indispensable organ of animal life; but authorities, however venerable, are not needed, when instances almost daily occur in all large towns, clearly demonstrating the destruction of in-

telleet, on the obscuration of reason by cerebral injuries. Indeed, so full and decisive is the evidence on the point, perhaps no truth is more universally admitted by men of intelligence, that that the brain is the grand organ of mind.

Still the opponents of phrenology assert that there have been frequent cases where the mental powers have remained vigorous and unimpaired after the loss of a portion of the brain, and even an almost total obliteration of its substance; and to support themselves in the ground thus taken, in a tone of anticipated triumph, they adduce a catalogue long ago collected by Haller. But, admitting circumstances *apparently* existed, as that author relates, that some, whose heads had been injured or diseased, *appeared* to retain the full exercise of their mental faculties, it makes nothing against the obvious truth at the foundation of the phrenological system. These persons, in all probability, were not employed in situations where any considerable part of the intellectual faculties was called into requisition. Confined to their sick chambers, or bed, they would be extremely likely to *seem* what they were not. Not having their powers called into exercise, they were, of course, insensible of their inability to use them; just as a man, injured in his limbs, unless he attempts those operations in which their aid is requisite, always before reflection supposes he can manage every thing as formerly. Besides, the duplicity of the cerebral organs—even granting the circumstances alleged to prove much stronger and more wonderful than pretended—will readily and satisfactorily account for them. One half of a double organ might have been removed, and the other have remained for a short period active and vigorous.

True Politeness.

From the French of Ramsay.
Original.

True politeness is common to delicate souls of all nations, and is confined to no one people. Exterior civility is nothing but a form established in different countries to express the politeness of the soul. I prefer the civility of the Greeks, to that of other nations, because it is more simple and less fatiguing; it rejects all superfluous formality; its only object is, to render society and conversation easy and agreeable. But true politeness is very different from superficial civility. It is an equality of soul which excludes at the same time insensibility and excessive officiousness; it supposes a promptitude to discern what is able to suit different characters; it is a pleasing condescension, by which we accommodate ourselves to every one's taste, not to flatter their passions, but to avoid irritating them. In a word, it is forgetfulness of ourselves to seek that, which may be agreeable to others, but in a manner so delicate, as to let them hardly perceive that such is our object. It knows how to contradict without offence, and to please without adulation, and is equally distant from insipid complaisance and base familiarity.

From the Token for 1835.

The Cottage Girl.

BY V. V. ELLIS.

She is a lovely creature—is she not?
And there is, doubtless, many a charming story,
Linked with her life and loves; and I would give
The prettiest keepsake of my youthful fortunes
To know them as they happened. It may be,
She never found a suitor to her mind,
And died in single blessedness. No blood,
Which thrilled her heart, may flow in living
fountains,
Or mantle in the cheek of innocent beauty.
It may be that her lover was untrue,
And left her to a solitary fate—
It may be that he died, and left her wretched,
And that she felt herself in duty bound
To stray about the fields, and bind her hair,
Ophelia-like, with wild-flowers, and perchance
Finish her griefs as did the maid of Denmark.

I mention these among the possibles
Of life, the things that may be or may not;
But I do not believe them. Were I asked
To read the fortunes of so fair a maid,
To tell her story—I should answer briefly,
Something in this way.

She was pure as lovely;
Humble her lot, but holy was her life.
She strayed in childhood freely, by the brooks
Murmuring their course in music, by the vales,
Sheltered from common sight, and in the woods—
Beneath their leafy canopy. By night,
She wandered with the stars for her companions,
And the free winds, all solitary else.
Her days were a perpetual Sabbath; still,
And interrupted only by the tasks
That wait on common life—the simple toil
Of village maidens.

When the time had come,
That teaches pretty girls to think of wedlock,
She found a husband to her choice and married;
And she was happy, as so sweet a creature
Should be, when mistress of the heart she loves.

Well, this is much as usual. You may think,
Some great mishap should mar, or some strange
chances

Light with new glow the life of such a being;
But it ran on in quiet. Many girls,
Fair as their mother, and a lot of boys,
Bright-eyed and curly-headed, filled the house
With noisy happiness, and in their turn
Grew up to wives and husbands. And when age
Had blessed her with all joys that wait on age—
Reverence, and peace of mind, and readiness
For other worlds—she died. A humble stone
Marks her last place of slumber, and the blessings
Of many loved and loving crown her memory!

There! you have now her story. If you think
More sunlight should be shed about her path-
way,

And tinge it with the myriad rosy hues
The world calls poetry—know that holy spirit
Flies not from common life, and common du-
ties.

She dwells not merely in the world of splendor,
Fashion, and gilded pomp, and courtly beauty—
But lives sometimes in lowly homes, and
breathes

In simplest hearts her holiest aspirations.

When the current of life shall be dark
With shadows of clouds that hang o'er it,
Oh then let me quench life's dull, cold spark,
And my spirit! oh let me soar it!

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Oct. 17, 1834.

GOING AHEAD. Most of those to whom we forwarded our second number have retained it, and, we trust, done us the honor of consenting to be deemed subscribers. In return we can only promise them our untiring efforts to present them with a useful and interesting sheet. If, from misapprehension or otherwise, any have neglected to return the copy they received, and are still indisposed to patronize our publication, they will have the goodness to return this number with their names, directed as formerly requested. We mention this, because we are desirous to know precisely the amount of support on which we can rely, and are anxious to avoid all misunderstanding. We confidently believe a literary paper is needed, and *can be* sustained in New-Hampshire. The interests of science and education, in our opinion, demand the continued existence of some work devoted to the diffusion of valuable information and the inculcation of correct sentiments. And we respectfully request all whose views coincide with ours to make some exertion to give us patronage. Our terms are lower than those of any similar periodical in New-England, and would not every family be benefitted by a perusal of our pages? Will not our agents and subscribers feel a little interest, and make some slight exertions to procure an addition to our list? Will not those concerned in our institutions of learning, our College, Academies, Lyceums and Common Schools, come forward and sustain us, when assured that our columns are open to their communications? Every one, who countenances our design, can do something, can procure at least one subscriber; and were our present list doubled, we should be encouraged to use greater exertions to improve the contents and appearance of our paper. Shall it not be *more* than doubled? Will not every subscriber obtain another within a week? Whoever forwards five responsible names is entitled to a sixth copy gratis; and have not many of our patrons five acquaintances in their own neighborhood, who would be willing to subscribe? Pray give them an opportunity.

We would remind our friends at Hanover, and in different sections of the State, that we should be highly gratified by the reception of contributions from their pens. Are not the Ladies intending to favor our readers with original Poetry, Tales and Essays?

The graphic and touching account, on our first page, of the unjustifiable and cruel murder of one of Carolina's favorite sons, drawn by the pen of her eloquent and faithful historian, Dr. Ramsay, will be read with deep interest. The recollection of such incidents should be preserved, to remind us of the expense and suffering by which our liberties were purchased.

Col. Hayne was an ancestor, we believe, of the distinguished senator from South Carolina, whose rencontre with Mr. Webster, in the Senate of the United States, is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

The lines, entitled "Adieu to Kentucky," which we this week publish as original, appeared, some years since, in the Boston Statesman. They were written by a valued friend and correspondent of ours, who resided some time among the warm-hearted, hospitable and chivalric sons of the West, and who obligingly furnished them for re-publication. As they received but a limited circulation in New-Hampshire, when before printed, we felt justified in giving them as we have done.

ASTRONOMY.

"Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark
The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight and measure, all ordanied."

The science of astronomy is certainly one of the noblest and most sublime studies in which the human mind can be engaged. The great volume of nature is open before us at all times and at all seasons, full of instruction, and yielding a rich reward of knowledge and happiness to every person of reflection; but the brightest page is unfolded in the vault of heaven, "that garden of the Deity blossomed with stars," where the imagination stretches through the boundless fields of space, till it loses itself in immensity. Here are found the most magnificent demonstrations of the wisdom and perfection so bountifully displayed in the works of Providence. Though the smallest insect affords ample proofs of the wisdom of God, yet the heavens alone fully display the vastness of creation. The study of astronomy furnishes us with the sublimest conceptions; affords matter for the most pleasing reflection; and often exerts a moral and salutary influence upon the sceptical inclinations of men. This important science has been too much neglected; and we are glad to learn that a teacher of distinguished reputation, Mr. WILBUR, is about to favor us with a course of lectures upon this subject. We hope the Ladies and Gentlemen in town will suitably encourage so laudable a purpose; and, if any have hitherto looked upon the "bright blazonry of heaven" like the brute, "which sees but spangles" there, we can assure them they may learn an important lesson in a short time, and at a trifling expense.

THE UNITARIAN. This publication, as its name imports, is devoted to the cause of Unitarian Christianity, and the diffusion of sound moral principles. It is published in monthly numbers of 48 octavo pages, by James Munroe & Co., Cambridge, Mass. at two dollars per annum; and is very ably conducted by the Rev. Bernard Whitman. Those who wish for a doctrinal and controversial work of the kind will

hardly find one managed with more talent or greater spirit.

"SKETCHES of the History of New-Hampshire, from its first settlement in 1623 to 1833: containing notices of the memorable events and interesting incidents of a period of two hundred and ten years. By JOHN M. WHITON. 12 mo. pp. 222. Concord: Marsh, Capen & Lyon: 1834. Eastman, Webster & Co., Printers."

Such is the title of a book just issued from the press in this town, and which we have had the pleasure of perusing. The neat and beautiful appearance of the volume does much credit to all concerned in its publication. The author, a clergyman in Antrim, particularly deserves praise for the ability and fidelity, with which he has executed so difficult a task, as that of compressing our history within such limits as to render it accessible to every class of citizens, while, at the same time, the record of all important transactions is preserved. The excellent work of Dr. Belknap was so voluminous and expensive that all could not become familiar with its pages, and a smaller treatise embracing its facts without its details, at once brief and comprehensive, and continuing the narrative of affairs to the present time, seemed necessary to perpetuate the remembrance of the past in the minds of the rising generation. Such an one, unless we are greatly mistaken, Mr. Whiton has furnished. In our opinion, he has succeeded in giving a form and coloring to our annals, which cannot fail to awaken the curiosity and fix the attention of his readers. His materials are selected with judgment and arranged with skill. From the nature of the undertaking, we did not expect to meet, in so narrow a compass, with much elevation of style or felicity of expression; still, such is the author's manner, that, we venture to predict, few, capable of appreciating its worth, will commence reading his book, without feeling desirous to finish its entire contents.

We noticed some peculiarities in the choice of language and the application of terms. The orthography of several proper names is different from common usage; and, though there may be a reason for the change, we are unable to divine what advantage is to be gained from its introduction. Writing *weekwam* instead of *twigwam* appears to us to savor a little of eccentricity. These things are mentioned, because, in our view, they had better have been omitted, though their insertion may be scarcely censurable. Upon the whole, the work more than equals our anticipations, and merits abundant patronage. It ought to be placed in the hands of every family in the State. At present we have time to say nothing further, except to express our hope, mingled with a strong confidence, that the author's labors will be rewarded by a rapid sale of the present edition, and a speedy demand for another. Some extracts will be given hereafter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Adieu to Kentucky.

Though far be the land, where a stranger I rovd,
Where nature exults in her forest's wild bloom,
The memory of scenes and of friends I have lov'd,
From hours of misfortune might banish the gloom.

Roll on, fair Ohio! thy noble career,
In freshness of youth; and though never again,
The sound of thy waters may gladden mine ear,
Still green in remembrance, thy banks shall remain.

To muse on the mouldering wreck of the past,
Ambition may pause in the noon of its flight;
And dreams of enjoyment, that fled too fast,
Can throw o'er the spirit, a thrill of delight.

The realm of the hunter—the forest of Boone,
The region enchanted by fancy's bright spell,
May boast her lone* records of centuries gone,
And traditional lore, in the song's joyous swell.

There, wreaths, pluck'd from honor's green myrtles, entwined
The temples of patriots—the bravest and best;
And no stigma of coward shall ever be thine,
Thou clime of bold spirits, the pride of the west.

The victors of Nile reared the cross of St. George,
Like meteor of death, on Miami's wild shore—
The hearts of the valiant did prairie wolves gorge—
Whom their sea-begirt Island shall welcome no more.

When the flower of chivalry, basely betrayed,
On the wintry Raisin† met death and defeat,
The war-cry of vengeance thy prowess arrayed,
And stretched the invader in blood at thy feet.

Britannia's allies, so her legends may tell,
To the gory heights of Sandusky were led;
By stripling's arms foiled—were scatter'd and fell—
And morning arose on a field of their dead.

The dawn of thine hopes to disaster a prey—
For treason had reared its foul crest in the north,—
But the thunders of Erie the clouds chased away,
And victory's star shone exultingly forth.

When the dread peals of arms Louisiana awoke,
And war's welcome clarion had called to the fray,
On the conquerors of Spain, thy undaunted soul broke,
And drove back their legions in rout and dismay.

May thy deeds never forfeit their honest renown;
It was bought with the freely spent blood of the brave;

*Ancient mounds are to be seen in every part of the western country.

†Siege of Fort Meigs.

‡Massacre of the river Raisin in the winter of 1812 and 1813. In regard to this affair history cannot be in doubt who were the greater savages, the Indians or their allies, the English.

§Col. Croghan (Croan) who defended Upper Sandusky in the late war, was scarcely 21 years of age. The Fort was made good against five times the force of the garrison, which was composed almost entirely of young men from Kentucky about the age of their leader. More than 200 of the enemy fell in the night attack by which they attempted to carry the Fort.

And e'er it shall yield to the mitre or crown,
Shall waste deserts mourn over Liberty's grave.

Land of the free heart! oh never may perish
The fame of thy beauty|| and valor in song;
Absent, the warmth of thy kindness I'll cherish,
More lasting and deep, than remembrance of wrong.

Like thine own proud streams, be thy greatness displayed,
More bold than their spring tides, the march of thy fame;
And never the tempests of discord o'er shade
The visions of glory that circle thy name. V.

||At the request of a daughter of Kentucky the above lines were written.

The baseness of sporting with Female Affection.

Man cannot act a more perfidious part
Than use his utmost efforts to obtain
A confidence, in order to deceive.

Honor and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every action in life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. What ever objects individuals are in quest of, sincerity of profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he who acts from dishonest or designing principles, obtains deserved contempt.—No one ought to make offers or pretensions to a lady before he is, in a great measure, certain that her person, her qualifications suit his circumstances, and agree with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy. "Marriage the happiest state of life would be, if hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind; the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment, and the delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges his faith to any lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be undertaken with too much deliberation.—Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think (notwithstanding it is to much countenanced by custom) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one, till he is perfectly convinced his own are fixed on just principles.

All imaginary caution is certainly necessary beforehand; but after a man's profession of regard, his kind services and solicitations, have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagements. When the

matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquility of mind; nor can any thing but her loss of virtue justify his desertion. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little significance. For if he has solicited and obtained her affections, on supposing that he intends to marry her, the contract is in the sight of heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes on the honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and after winning her affections by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship, ungenerously leaves her to bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonorable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber. For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness.

The Young Wife.

The young wife should remember that she has chosen her own lot in life, she has connected it with her husband, and if by a decree of an all-wise Providence, he becomes embarrassed, it is her duty to aid him by her kindness—not to mutter or oppress him by her ill temper. Upon the male sex, the task of providing the means of subsistence is, in civilized countries, almost exclusively imposed, and consequently when they become distressed, and have not wherewithal to provide for their partners, they suffer bodily. They have not only their privations to regret, but yours also; and the world's frown, and the world's often-times unjust censure fall exclusively upon the husband. The wife can hide herself from the world, but the husband must face its pride and prosperity.—May all young wives be permanently prosperous; but for their own sakes, and for the honor of womanhood, we admonish them not to let adversity, should it unfortunately lay its iron hand upon them, induce them to depart from that affectionate conduct, in word or deed, which they owe to their husbands, and conduct themselves in such a manner as to do away the truth of the old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

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THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published weekly at \$2.50 per annum, or \$2 if paid within three months.

Persons forwarding ten dollars shall be entitled to six copies for one year.

All communications relating to the Gazette must be directed (post paid) to the publisher.